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SPARKLING GEMS.



RUSSELL RICHARDSON SC

BY MRS. MADELINE LESLIE.

Baker, Harriette Newell Woods
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Gem of Truthfulness:

OR,

THE LOST BABY.

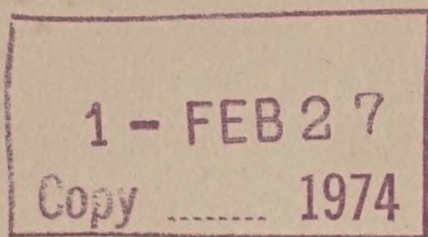
BY

MRS. MADELINE LESLIE.

“Lying lips are an abomination unto the Lord: but they
that deal truly are his delight. — PROVERBS 12: 22.



BOSTON:
ANDREW F. GRAVES,
20 CORNHILL.



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LIST
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SERIES FOR GIRLS.

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" II. GEM OF COURAGE.

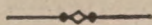
" III. GEM OF FAITHFULNESS.

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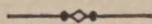
" V. GEM OF TRUTHFULNESS.

" VI. GEM OF EARNESTNESS.

LIST
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FOR YOUTH.



SERIES FOR BOYS.



VOL. I. GEM OF UPRIGHTNESS.

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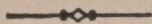
“ III. GEM OF PERSEVERANCE.

“ IV. GEM OF TEMPERANCE.

“ V. GEM OF SELF-CONTROL.

“ VI. GEM OF GENEROSITY.

DEDICATION.

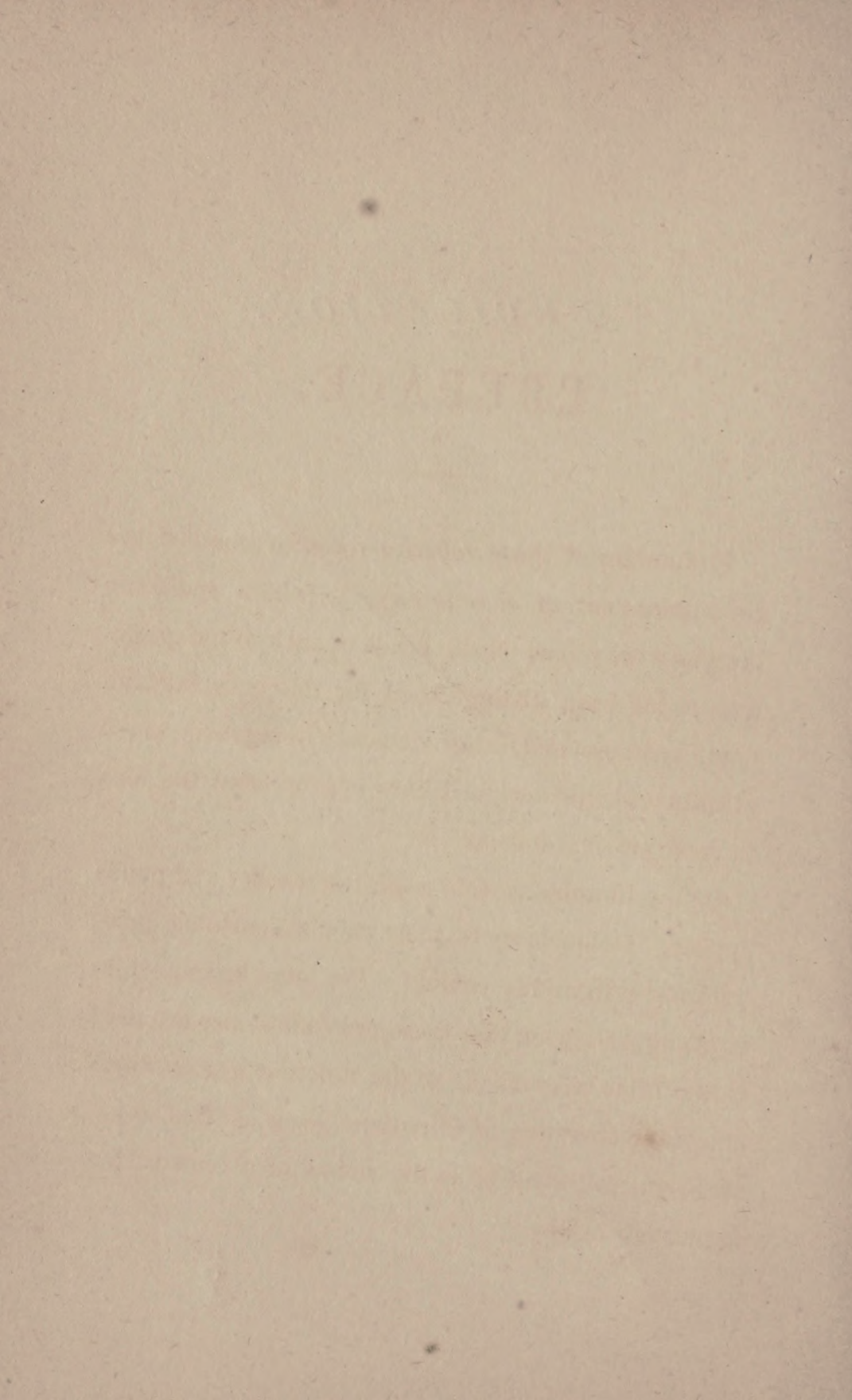


MY DEAR LITTLE HARRY:

I HAVE DEDICATED THESE SMALL VOLUMES TO YOU,
PRAYING THAT THE GEMS OF WHICH THEY TREAT, MAY
ADORN YOUR CROWN IN THE CORONATION DAY OF CHRIST'S
BELOVED.

Your affectionate grandmother,

THE AUTHOR.



PREFACE.



THE author of these volumes recently attended the commencement of a seminary, in which sparkling crowns were placed on the heads of such of the graduates as had been distinguished for diligence, faithfulness, neatness and other virtues. Being very much pleased with the design, I have appropriated the idea in these small volumes.

On the illuminated title page, the teacher and pupils appear. He holds up to their view a sparkling gem, just taken from his cabinet. We may imagine him explaining to them, that these precious stones are used in the Bible as emblems of the different graces which adorn the character of Christians, even as God says : these graces “ shall be as the stones of a crown,” put upon their heads.

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GEM OF TRUTHFULNESS

CHAPTER I.

BABY BLANCHE.

“I WONDER why baby isn’t looking out of the window,” said Delia Gibbs to her mamma, as they came in sight of their home. “Mary must be giving her some supper up stairs.”

“Probably, my dear.”

Mrs. Gibbs had been absent from the house nearly four hours. She had been attending a meeting of mothers; and her thoughts still dwelt on the subjects discussed there. Beside Delia whom she had taken with her,

there was a little girl named Blanche, not quite two years old, left in the care of her nurse Mary.

It had become quite a custom with Mary when the hour approached for her mistress to return, to set the little Miss on a chair by the front window. Delia often ran forward to the turn in the street, from which she could see the house, expecting to find the little face flattening itself against the pane of glass, and then light up as it recognized her.

But on this occasion no one was in sight. Mrs. Gibbs and her daughter went at once to the nursery; but it was empty. On the floor lay a great rag-baby with a hole punched in its cheek, and the bran with which it was stuffed, slowly oozing out.

“I wonder where Blanche is,” cried Delia, growing impatient.

“Run to the kitchen, and tell Mary to bring baby up,” said mamma, quietly removing her bonnet.

Delia’s voice was heard all the way down stairs, calling :

“Baby! baby Blanche! Sister’s come! Where are you?”

Then the tone suddenly changed, and the little feet came flying up again, while Delia cried, “Oh! o—oh! Come, mamma, Mary’s crying, and when I asked her where baby was, she didn’t say a word.”

Mrs. Gibbs, tossing upon the bed the shawl she was carefully folding, hastened below. She was not really alarmed; and yet her heart beat fast with a nameless anxiety.

The kitchen door was open ; and Mary's voice could be distinctly heard moaning as if in pain.

“What is the matter ?” inquired her mistress, her face turning pale, “Where is Blanche ?”

Mary's grief burst forth afresh at this question. She wrung her hands, tears pouring down her cheeks.

“Tell me instantly, Mary. Has anything happened ? You surely know where baby is.”

“Oh, ma'am ! I'll tell ye the truth ! I can't tell ye a lie, ma'am, and ye so kind to me. Baby's lost ; and I'll never be happy again. No, not till the last hour of me life.”

“Where is Cook ?”

The lady's voice sounded cold and harsh. She was bravely trying to

control herself, so as to find out the facts in the case; but her agonized heart seemed to be shut up in a vice, so painfully did it throb.

“Cook’s gone to the Station, ma’am.”

“What station?”

“Oh, ma’am! where would she go but to the p’lice Station to hunt for baby?”

“Tell me where you saw Blanche last.”

Mary buried her face in her hands, and burst into a loud wail, rocking herself back and forth in her distress. Presently she screamed out:

“Sure, ma’am, I’ll tell ye the truth. I’d be afraid to lave ye with a sin on me conscience; — and sure when ye know, ye’ll not be kaping me.”

“Oh, mamma! what is the matter?” cried Delia, as her mother fell, faint and trembling against the table.

“Och! what will I do! I’ve kilt her entirely; and she the best mistress in the world.”

“Tell me at once. You torture me,” gasped the poor mother, sinking into a chair.

“Water, — Delia.”

She drank a few swallows, then by the force of her will subdued her faintness, and commanded the terrified girl to speak instantly, and tell where she saw baby last. “Every moment is precious,” she said. “We may be losing our chance of finding her.”

“I’ll tell ye the truth, ma’am. In-dade I will, if ye laves me in prison all me life. My cousin, Pat Maloon

has come to Ameriky. He has been striving to find me ; and this afternoon as me bad luck would have it, he came to see me, and tell me about me friends at home. I was going out with baby for a walk as ye tould me ; and he said he'd go along with me. When we came to the park I put Blanche down ; and then we laughed to see how cunning she trotted on before us. I don't know how it happened, ma'am, no more than a new born baby. That's the truth, ma'am. On me knees I say it's the truth. Pat was walking with me ; and I was asking him about auld Ireland, when he asks sudden like :

“ ‘ Did ye know, Mary, that Michael O'Shane is dead and buried ? ’ ”

“ Poor Mick ! but he was the good

son and the good brother. Oh, ma'am !
Mick and I were sworn to one another
and the word struck to me heart."

CHAPTER II.

THE ANXIOUS SEARCH.

MARY'S groans were harrowing to her mistress, who truly pitied the warm-hearted girl; but she was torn with anxiety to know what had become of Blanche.

"I'm sorry indeed for you," she said tenderly. "Did you bring Blanche home after that?"

"I've never seen her since," moaned the girl shaking her head. For a little I was like one beside meself; and when I remembered, there was no baby in sight, Pat ran one way and I the other, and we asked everybody, —

I'm telling ye the truth, ma'am ; and me heart is sore with me trouble as I'm telling it. Oh, ma'am ! it's a bad world to live in, it is ! ”

“ You say Cook has gone to the Station House.”

“ Yes, ma'am, while I was ready to die with terror, up she ran to her room for her bonnet :

“ ‘ I'm going for a p'lice, ’ ” she said.

Mrs. Gibbs knew Cook to be an intelligent, wide awake woman. That she had taken the matter in hand was the first ray of comfort. The next thought was that she would follow Nancy and urge a more vigorous search for the lost child. But on glancing at the clock, she perceived that it was within a few minutes of the hour, when her husband would be

at home ; and he would know exactly what measures to adopt.

Mary's strained eyes followed her every motion while poor Delia sat wiping her tears with her tiny handkerchief.

"Is the table set, Mary?" asked her mistress.

"Indeed it is, ma'am ; and the tay is ready. Och, ma'am ! It's the bothering memory, I have to-day. Cook bid me take the muffins from the oven, and put in the other pan of them."

On opening the door a cloud of smoke rushed out. The muffins were burned to a crisp.

"Carry them into the shed and throw them into the ash barrel," said Mrs. Gibbs, kindly. You are quite excusable for forgetting them. The

smoke will soon pass out of the window."

This kindness quite overcame poor nurse, who began to weep again, but checked her sobs to ask :

"Will the p'lice find baby, ma'am?"

"I have great confidence that they will find her, nurse; but she may have been injured. We will hope for the best, though."

"There's papa! I hear papa's voice!" exclaimed Delia. "Oh dear! won't he feel bad!"

Mrs. Gibbs hurried to meet him, and in a few words told him what had occurred.

Papa threw upon the hall table a package of papers he had brought, and merely saying, "Keep up your courage, wife," turned to go out. He

stopped a minute on the steps to add in a husky voice :

“If you hear anything, send at once to Rand’s apothecary store. He keeps open all night. I shall not come back until —”

They could hear no more ; but his wife well knew what he meant. “Until I find her.” Would she ever be found ? “God in mercy grant it,” prayed the distracted mother.

While she and Delia stood at the door looking up and down the street, Cook came hurrying home.

“Have you heard anything ?” eagerly inquired mamma, beckoning the woman up the front steps.

“I’ve been to the Station. I knew it wouldn’t do to wait so I went at once. I hope Mary didn’t let my

muffins burn. The police-man started off immediately ; and Pat went with him to show him the place where they saw baby last. The chief told me there's no doubt they'll find her soon. I thought Mary would lose her senses. She flew round like a wild cat.

“ You did exactly the right thing, Nancy,” said mamma earnestly. “ Neither Mr. Gibbs, nor I shall forget it.” She held out her hand to Cook who saw that her eyes were full of tears.

“ Will you delay supper, ma'am ? I suppose it's ready.”

“ I couldn't eat now, Nancy. The lady put her hand on her heart, and slowly mounted the stairs to her chamber. How desolate every thing looked ! Turning the key in the lock she

kneeled by the side of her bed, when a child's voice called :

“Mamma, I can't stay alone. Please let me be with you.”

Mrs. Gibbs opened the door and drew Delia to her side, when she told her heavenly Father her sorrow, and implored him whose eye sees every one of his creatures, to direct the steps of those who were searching for the dear lost one, and bring her home to them in peace.

Her voice was choked ; but when she had laid her petitions before God, her heart was relieved.

Delia rose when she had finished and rushed to the window. It was now a few minutes past six, a little boy who lived near, was driving his hoop before him as he ran home.

Only one other foot passenger was in sight. A lady was coming down the street.



“There she is, mamma! A policeman is bringing her home.” Page 27.

CHAPTER III.

THE POLICE-MAN.

SUDDENLY Delia jumped up in the chair, gazing at a man who had turned toward the house, then a joyful scream burst from her lips:

“There she is, mamma! There’s Blanche! A police-man is bringing her! Oh, aren’t you glad!”

“God be praised!” faltered mamma, glancing from the window, and then hurrying below. “Dear little one, we won’t let you wander from us again.”

“Baby’s coming! Baby’s found!” shouted Delia over the basement

stairs, and then for a moment poor Mary's wailing ceased.

"I've found your little girl," said the police-man, coming up the steps. "She's all safe! I think she's asleep."

"Precious baby!" murmured mamma, folding her arms around the darling; but Blanche did not even open her eyes. There were tears on her cheeks; and her hands were soiled with dust, as though she had fallen to the ground; but her face was calm and peaceful.

"Where did you find her?" inquired Cook, who had rushed up from the kitchen.

"A few rods from the place where her nurse left her. I had a boy named Patrick Maloon with me. Just be-

yond the seat where Nurse put her down, some children were playing with an empty baby wagon. They saw your little girl fall; and they picked her up and put her in. The boy says his sister wanted to carry the baby home; but he told her they ought to find its mother, and ask leave first. They looked all about, but didn't see anybody searching for a babe; and they had drawn her the length of two streets when I met them.

"I'm a father myself," added the man, smiling, as he saw the mother press her baby to her breast. "I'm glad I found the little girl so soon."

"I shall always thank you, sir," Mrs. Gibbs answered. "Will you give me your name?"

He handed her a card.

“Shall you pass Rand’s store?” she inquired. “If so, I wish you would call, and leave word for my husband that Blanche is found. He went out to join the search.”

“I’ll find him, and ease his aching heart at once, ma’am. Good day to you!”

She rose, gave him her hand, and tried to utter her thanks again; but her voice failed.

As soon as the man had turned from the door, Mary came forward, and throwing herself on her knees before the sleeping babe, began to kiss its hands and bare arms.

“I’m thankful to the Lord, ma’am, that he found her for us, — and I’m thankful for his help to me,” suddenly covering her burning face.

“Come to the nursery, and tell me what you mean, Nurse.”

“Oh ma’am! Do you remember the day when Delia offended ye by not spaking the exact truth? I’ll never forget it; and that ye read from the Bible how the Lord hates them that have a lying tongue. I made a promise to meself then, ma’am, that I’d tell the truth forever. I’ll not deny it, ma’am. I was sorely tempted with the fright, and with the ache in my heart for poor Michael. She’ll never forgive me I said to meself; and I couldn’t blame ye either. I’ll jist tell her somebody came and took her out of the house.”

“Oh, Mary, poor girl!”

“I thank the good Lord, ma’am, that he hindered me. The minute I

heard your voice I declared to myself: ”

“ Mary Regan, tell the truth to your kind mistress, whatever comes of it. Will ye forgive me, ma’am, for all the sorrow I’ve brought on you? ”

“ Indeed, my poor Mary, I gladly forgive you. I am truly pleased that you kept to your good resolution. By-and-by you must tell me more about poor Michael. Did your cousin bring you news of your good father and mother? ”

“ Yes, ma’am; but I hear the Master’s voice. Will I let baby sleep? ”

“ I suppose she is tired with her crying. See, there are two tears! She may sleep till I come up. There’s papa. I knew he would want to see his lost darling.”

Mr. Gibbs came in, his face full of gratitude, and went quickly toward the crib where mamma had laid Blanche. He kissed the flushed cheek softly, then stood bending over her a minute. I have no doubt he too, was thanking God for restoring the lost one to her home.

“She seems all right,” he said, leaving her. It will do her good to sleep awhile. I met the police-man at Rand’s. I had just run in to inquire whether any word had been left for me when he opened the door. I asked him to stop a minute while I went to the desk; and then I offered him a check for fifty dollars. But he said, the rules of the service obliged him to refuse. He told me his name and where he lives. I wish you would go

there, and find out his circumstances.
We must do something for him.”

He bent down and kissed Delia,
then taking her hand said :

“Now I should be glad of some
supper.”

CHAPTER IV.

MARY'S CONFESSION.

THE next morning Mrs. Gibbs noticed that Mary's eyes were swollen with crying. She seemed bewildered about her work, asking questions concerning it over and over again. At length her mistress inquired :

“Do you feel ill, Mary? If so, you had better go to bed. I doubt whether you slept much.”

“Me head is racked with the pain, ma'am,” said the poor girl, trying to control herself; but I don't much care for the likes of that.”

“Is it sorrow for poor Michael?”

“Me cousin Pat came to the door this morning, ma’am, before ye was up. He brought the bit of printing he cut from the paper. I’d like to be showing it to ye, ma’am. Then ye’ll know that I tould the truth when I said he was the good son, and the good brother. But oh, ma’am! if ye’ll give me lave, I’d like to spake to ye intirely. I’ve something on me mind, ma’am. I’m a miserable creature, ma’am. If ye knew about it, ye’d not trust me in the house, to say nothing of laving the baby to me care.”

“I hope it is not so bad as that,” said the lady in an encouraging tone. “When we look into our own hearts, we find enough of sin there, to make us fly to our Saviour for help. He is al-

ways ready to hear our cry for forgiveness, and for help to bear trouble. When baby takes her nap I'll send Delia down to stay with Nancy ; and you may bring your mending basket, and tell me all about it."

"Thank you a thousand times, ma'am. I'm quite sure I'll feel easier when ye knows all."

Mary forced her mind from her grief, and began in earnest to clear the chambers, and dress the beds as usual. She was very neat and thorough about her work, and had always been considered by Mrs. Gibbs an uncommonly good servant.

At eleven o'clock baby showed signs of being sleepy. She pulled her mamma's dress, and asked in her lisping tones to be taken up. Her mam-

ma rung the chamber-bell for Nurse to bring up her milk, after which the little Miss pointed to her crib and shut her eyes in the most cunning manner.

Nancy was frying crullers in the kitchen ; and Delia had been delighted to receive permission to have on her long-sleeved apron and help. Her mamma had bought her a tiny rolling-pin and board, with which and a piece of dough, she often amused herself for hours.

Blanche was scarcely asleep before Mary appeared with her basket of stockings.

Taking a chair, she pulled from her pocket a slip of newspaper, and passed it to her mistress.

“Will ye plase, ma’am, read it aloud, then I can sinse it better.”

“ We have given the notice of Michael O’Shane’s death in another column. His funeral was attended on the Sunday following, when a long procession followed him to the grave. Mr. O’Shane was a good citizen, and his loss will be deeply mourned.”

“ I suppose your cousin Pat attended his funeral,” remarked the lady, giving back the paper.

“ Och, no, ma’am ! It’s in an Irish paper he found it. Michael was well when Pat left home.”

Mrs. Gibbs sat silent a moment waiting for Mary to begin, if she had anything to say, and presently the girl letting her work drop, and raising her apron to her eyes, burst out :

“ Oh, ma’am ! It’s in great trouble I am ; and all on account of a lie.

Sure and I niver would have told a lie, if I had known what difficulty I'd have had along with it. May I tell ye, ma'am, all about it?"

"Certainly, Mary, if it will relieve you."

"I'm twenty years old," began Mary, and me father's a small farmer, with cows, and horses of his own. I had a cousin, Thomas Regan, who lived with us, and minded the sheep. I used often to walk to the pasture where he was staying with the sheep to carry his dinner.

"It's the truth, ma'am, that I niver once thought of Thomas as a lover; but he thought of it, and one day asked me to be his wife. It came sudden to me, and when he urged me I said, yes. I wasn't happy after that; and

I lost my health ; but I wouldn't tell what ailed me. You see, Thomas bid me not tell my parents till he was ready to take me away. My father was a good man, and could not abide fairs, nor drinking, nor lazy fellows lounging about, nor girls decked in flying ribbons. I was his only child, and he was strict with me, — stricter than I liked. One day Thomas went to the fair against me father's wishes. He urged me to go with him. My mother heard him pleading, and me refusing. I staid at home but he went, and got so drunk that he quarrelled and almost killed one of his comrades. When he came out of prison I told him that I would niver marry him. He was angry and said he would be revenged."

CHAPTER V.

MARY'S TROUBLE.

MARY sighed repeatedly, and seemed lost in thought. At last her mistress said :

“So far I think your conduct all right and proper.”

“Did I tell you, ma'am,” asked Mary, “that my father bid Thomas go away ? He did so ; and that made it worse. I had an aunt living at Derry ; and I got leave to go and see her. Michael O'Shane knew my aunt well. He used to come there every day. I did not think he came to see me. Michael's father owned a cabin in our

town ; but Mick wanted to raise himself. He learned the trade of carpenter, and made good wages at it. He was a sober, steady man, laying up his money instead of spending it at fairs. My aunt told me one day that the Derry girls all liked Mick. 'Is he going to marry anybody,' I asked? 'I think he will,' she said, laughing.

"The next Sunday I learned what she meant. Michael met me on my way to church, and put a nosegay into my hand. 'I want to talk with you, may I,' he said. 'Yes, of course you may,' I answered.

"Then he told me he wanted a home ; and there was enough laid up in the bank to buy him a house ; and would I go and live with him. It was very different this time, ma'am. When

I said yes to Thomas, I was scared like; and I did it because he urged me so. But now when Michael looked into my eyes my heart said, yes.

“I made a long visit to me aunt; but me father and mother came to Derry, and gave Mick their hand on the bargain, and everybody was happy.

“Mick bought a house; and me father agreed to put everything in it. Me mother had chests of linen all made up for me. I thought nothing could hinder me from being happy.

“One day Mick came to see me; but instead of talking he sat gazing in me face. ‘I’ve heard a bad story,’ he said at last. ‘I want you to tell me if there’s truth in it.’

“‘I will, Mick,’ says I.

“ ‘Yesterday,’ he began, ‘I met Thomas Regan. He was talking to some drunken men about my wife ; yes, about you, Mary. He says you promised to marry him ; and he shall keep you to your word. He says many things that I won’t repeat to you. Did you ever love him, Mary ?’

“ ‘No, I never did.’ I screamed out the words, and me face burned like fire.

“ ‘And you never promised to marry him ?’

“ ‘Oh ! oh ! groaned the poor girl, if I hadn’t told a lie then ! Oh ! oh ! dear. How could I ?’

“ ‘What did you tell him, Nurse ?’

“ ‘I said no, I never had. I said that he had rough ways, which was quite true. I said that until Mick

asked me I never had wanted to be married, which was true. I said Thomas was a lazy, drunken fellow; and I wouldn't marry him if I never married till my dying day. I grew so angry that Mick had to soothe me."

"That is enough for me, Mary," he said. "You have given me your word. I am sure you always speak the truth."

"Oh, how that cut me! That dreadful lie! Why did not I tell him all? And now he's dead; and I never can confess it to him. Oh, Mick! Mick!"

"It is sad indeed," said Mrs. Gibbs. "A lie is always dangerous, as well as sinful."

"After that," added Mary, "I had no peace. I met Thomas twice in the

street; but I wouldn't speak to him. When he said, sneering, 'I shall hold you to your promise, Mary,' I grew hot and angry; but I wouldn't let him see it. At last Thomas met Mick, and being drunk at the time, he hit Mick on the head, and made him senseless. I was almost wild. I told meself that it was the lie which had done it. I refused to marry Mick, when he and my parents urged me. I said Thomas would kill him, and then I knew me lie would be on me forever. Oh! oh, ma'am! When I heard ye talking to Delia, how it all came over me what a wicked heart mine is; and how the Lord has been angry with me ever since that day.

"The trouble in me heart made me that ill, me mother thought I would

die. I said it was me fear of Thomas ; and what he would do to Mick ; and at last I got leave to come to Ameriky ; and then when Mick had sold his house he was coming after me ; and we, to be married here. Now he's cold in his grave ; and I'll never see him more. Oh, the purty boy ! the good boy ! Will ye niver spake a loving word to your poor sorrowing Mary ? It was the thought of me lie, ma'am, — that just came to me when Pat tould me the bad news. I told meself, ' God knows ye deserve it, Mary, ye're a lying, desaving girl.' But oh, ma'am, if I only could have tould him before he died, I'd have been contint."

Poor Mary's tears had flowed till their fountain was dry. Her swollen

eyes gazed with a piteous expression into her mistress's face as though she would glean comfort if she could.

"Your's is a sad story, my poor girl," said the lady; "but there is peace even for you. Have you forgotten what our Saviour says:

" 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' If you are really and truly sorry for your sin, go to Christ and tell him so. His arms are outstretched toward all poor, penitent sinners. He will forgive, and comfort your poor heart."

"Oh, ma'am, if I only dared go to him! I tried to pray last night; — but that lie rose up in my face."

"If you had never sinned, Mary, you would have no need of a Saviour.

It was for just such sinners as you and I that Christ, our blessed Lord, died on the cross. He offers to take your sins. It will grieve him if you refuse."

Mary caught her handkerchief from her eyes and stared at her mistress as though she would fix the last words in her mind; then she rose from her seat, took her basket of unmended stockings, and was about to leave the room :

"I shall not need you till dinner," said the lady kindly. Then she lifted up her heart in prayer to God that this poor burdened soul might find rest in his love.

CHAPTER VI.

DELIA'S BAD HABITS.

DELIA GIBBS was in the main a very good girl ; but she had two faults, about which her mamma felt anxious, and which she prayed God to help her child to correct.

One fault was, that she loved to tell tales from one to another of the family, what was said by each ; and the other, which was far worse, was, that she did not always speak the exact truth. Her first habit often made trouble ; for instance, sometimes her papa remarked upon the food at table. “ This soup is not well seasoned ; ” or

“Nancy’s pudding is very strong of lemon.” He did not intend to have this repeated. . He knew his wife would give Nancy a hint at the right time. But little busy-body, as her father, when he was annoyed, sometimes called her, treasured up the words, and ran the first opportunity to the kitchen to tell Nancy.

One day she carried the following message from the dining-room :

“My papa says the meat is done to chips ; and he says too, that the pie isn’t half baked. He wants you to attend to your work better.”

“Did he send you here to say that ?” asked Nancy, growing angry.

“Yes, he did, — no, he didn’t send me ; but I thought you’d want to know.”

Now, the truth was, that the oven to the range was out of order. Nancy had informed her mistress of the fact; and she had sent to the man to come and mend it. In the meantime the lady said, "we must do as well as we can." If Nancy shut the draft, everything burned, if she left it open nothing would cook. She had been very patient with it all the morning, opening and shutting continually, secretly resolved to go herself, at once, and bring the stove man back with her.

Now to have her master find fault with her was a little more than she could endure. When Delia, having delivered the message, had gone to mamma's chamber, Cook stood still in the middle of the kitchen, thinking. Presently she said aloud:

“If I didn’t like Mrs. Gibbs so well, I’d give notice before I’m an hour older. ‘Meat done to chips.’ ‘Wished I’d do my work better.’ Hem, some people are never satisfied, do what you will. There, I know what I’ll do. I’ll just go to Mrs. Gibbs and ask her what it means. I’ll go this minute.”

The lady was sitting in her room with baby in her lap. She was trying to fit a tiny apron to Blanche’s fat waist, and was telling a story about “the old woman who lived in a shoe,” to keep the little Miss quiet.

It was such a pretty home scene that Nancy, as she stood at the door looking on, felt the angry blood die out of her cheeks.

“There’s Nancy, good Nancy, come

to see us, Blanche ! Delia take your dolly out of the chair, so Nancy can sit down. Do you think this pattern a pretty one ? I can scarcely tell, though, how it will look, baby squirms about so."

"It will be easy to do up," said the practical woman.

"Has the man come about the stove yet, Nancy ?"

"No, ma'am ; and that's what I came up about. I think I'd better leave my dishes, and some ironing I've got about, and go for the man, for as to cooking with that oven I've stood it as long as I can."

"It is a real trial, I know, Cook."

"'Tisn't that I care for, ma'am ; nor the trouble it is to open and shut the doors every five minutes. I expect

troubles as long as I'm in this world. It's the message Mr. Gibbs sent down to the kitchen that worries me."

"What message?" inquired the lady with a look of surprise.

"Delia can tell you, ma'am, she brought it. I must say if I'd got such a message from some folks I should have made my company scarce."

"Delia, come here," said her mamma in her gravest tone.

The little girl hung her head, evidently much confused.

"Tell me, my dear, the very words of the message you carried to Nancy. I didn't hear any."

"I told her the meat was done to chips."

"Anything else?"

Delia hesitated, but presently said:

“Yes, mamma, I said the pie wasn’t done right.”

“Was that all?”

“Yes, mamma.”

“Delia what are you saying?” cried Cook angrily. “You told me your papa sent me word that the meat and the pie were wrong; and that he wanted me to attend to my work better.”

“Did your papa say that?” asked mamma very softly.

“I thought he did.”

“Stop, Delia, you are making it worse. Go into your room and stay by yourself till I come to you. Nancy, I thank you for coming to me, though you have told me that which grieves me to the heart. Now I will tell you exactly what was said.

“I told Mr. Gibbs the man had not come, and I asked him if he couldn’t spare time to go round that way, and send him at once. He hesitated a minute and then he said :

“ ‘ Well, Nancy is such a good girl, and never complains until it is absolutely necessary, I’ll go.’ The meat and the pie were spoken of in connection with the oven and not the slightest blame was attached to you.”

At this moment there was a long, loud jingle of the lower bell.

“The man has come about the stove,” said Nurse running up from her dinner.

“Wait one minute, Cook,” said her mistress. “I want you to make me one promise. The next time anything troubles you, come to me, as

you have to-day. You may depend upon it if I have any fault to find, I shall tell you, and not send it through any third person."

"I'm not afraid of you're finding too much fault," said Nancy, trying to laugh, and then she ran from the room.

CHAPTER VII.

MAMMA'S TEACHINGS.

“NURSE, bring me Blanche’s hat and white sack,” said mamma. “You may take her out for an hour.”

When they had gone, mamma did not move for a few minutes. She sat looking very, *very* sad. Then she rose and went to Delia’s room.

The little girl was sitting bolt upright in a chair, half crying. The moment she saw her mother she began :

“I didn’t mean to, mamma. I thought papa said so.”

“Delia,” said the lady, in a grieved

voice, "do you know who is in this room, looking right into your heart?"

"Yes, mamma, God is here."

"And dare you tell a lie, knowing that he can hear every word you speak?"

"I don't want him to hear me," faltered the child, beginning to sob.

"But he does, we can never say a word, nor think one thought, but he knows it."

"I want to tell some things, and not have anybody hear."

"Do you know what would happen, Delia, if God, your kind Father should go away and leave you for a minute?"

"No, mamma."

"Put your finger on your pulse. Do you feel it beat? Your heart

beats too, and carries the blood which keeps you alive, all over your body. It is God, who makes your pulses beat. If he should leave you for any length of time, they would stop, and you would die. We should have to carry your body away and bury it in the ground. Will you ask God to leave you by yourself—to let you talk and he not hear?”

“Oh, no, mamma! I want him to stay, and take care of me.”

“Do you think he can love little girls, who disobey his commands?”

“No, mamma; but I’m going to be a good girl now. I’m sorry I told that. I’ll never do so again.”

“You must ask your Saviour to help you be good. He wants you to be a truthful child; you must ask

him to make you so. God hates liars, and he has pronounced a fearful punishment upon them. He says, 'Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord; but they that deal truly are his delight.' "

"Will you ask God to make me good, mamma?"

"Yes, my dear child; but I want you to confess your sin to him."

Delia leaned against her mother, and hiding her eyes on her shoulder, whispered:

"I'm sorry, God, that I told Nancy that. I'm sorry I said lies. Please keep me good, and please stay by me all the time, so my pulse won't stop beating."

"Now," said mamma, "there is one thing more I want to talk with

you about. How should you like to stay here in this room by yourself, and have Nurse bring your breakfast and dinner on a tray, and speak to no one from morning till night?"

"I wouldn't like it at all, mamma; I hope you won't make me do it." Delia clung in terror to her mamma's arm.

"I hope not indeed, my dear; but I must in some way break up your habit of running from me to Nancy, or from Nancy to Nurse, and repeating what is said. Even if you repeat exactly what is true, it is a very bad habit. If your father and I cannot talk when you are present without you're running to tell somebody what we say, I shall certainly send you from the room. Nancy felt very

badly when you told her, we talked about the food. If there is anything to tell her I am the one."

"But you didn't say it was naughty when I told her how much papa liked her Queen's pudding. You laughed as if you were glad."

"That was different, Delia. You can see yourself that it was unlike you're telling her that the meat was done to chips. Your conscience told you it was not right, and that was the reason you did not come rushing to my chamber as you did before and repeat what you had said. When your naughty heart whispers to you not to tell mamma, then you may know something is wrong."

CHAPTER VIII.

BLOWING BUBBLES.

"PLEASE, mamma," begged Delia a few weeks later, "may I play with my new pipe? I can make splendid soap bubbles with it."

"Yes, dear, put on your long sleeved apron. Nurse will make some suds for you when she comes up with Blanche. You must be careful, though, not to slop the water about."

"I can't find my apron, mamma."

"Where did you leave it last? Try to recollect."

"Oh, I guess I left it in the kitchen." She ran below, but presently

came back again with an unpleasant face.

“Nancy’s real cross,” she exclaimed. “She’s gone and thrown my apron right into a pail of dirty water in the shed. I should think she’d be ashamed to act so.”

“How do you know she threw it there, my child?”

“Because I asked her, and she said, real angry :

“‘Yes, of course I did.’

“I’m afraid you spoke unkindly to Nancy. Tell me the truth, Delia.”

“No, mamma, I didn’t.”

The door which had been ajar, was pushed open, and Nancy entered the room. Her face was tied up in a handkerchief, and she looked almost sick.

“Why, Cook, what is the matter?” inquired her mistress kindly.

“One of my old turns of ague, ma’am; but I didn’t come up about that. I came up because of a promise I once made to tell when I was a bit worried about anything. You see, ma’am, I scarcely got a wink of sleep last night, my tooth grumbled so; and I got up rather cross, I acknowledge. Delia left her apron on the back of a chair. I told her to take it away half a dozen times; but she doesn’t like to mind me, say what I will. So this morning as I was pouring out some molasses from the jug, it slipped and a lot of it went on to the apron.

“I threw it into a pail of clean suds intending when the molasses had soaked out to wash it; and just

then Delia came running down to look for it."

" 'Where's my apron, Nancy ? ' she asked.

" 'In a pail in the shed.' She ran out there, and came back very angry.

" 'You old, ugly girl,' she said. 'Did you put my apron in that dirty water ? '

" 'Of course I did.'

" 'I'll go right up and tell mamma. She'll send you off right away.'

" 'I'll confess, ma'am, that I wasn't very pleasant about the apron, 'cause I've told her so many times to carry it away.'

" 'Thank you for coming to me, Nancy. I'm sorry my daughter has hurt your feelings by speaking in such an improper manner; but she

has not hurt you nearly as much as she has hurt herself. Now what can I do for your face?"

"It's beginning to swell, ma'am, so I think it will be better soon."

Nancy turned to leave the room when her mistress said, "Wait one minute, I'll get a piece of soft flannel and pour some chloroform liniment on it. I wish you had come to me in the night."

Mrs. Gibbs presently returned to her seat and resumed her sewing.

"What apron shall I put on?" asked Delia, glancing timidly in her mother's grave face.

"You may take the one I wear to wash baby in. Tie it around your neck." The lady did not smile nor take her eyes from her work.

Nurse soon came in, and, setting Blanche on the floor with her basket of toys, mixed the suds, and placed the bowl on the table. Delia blew a large bubble, and threw it toward her sister, laughing; but nobody took any notice. Nurse had gone to finish her morning work; baby was pulling the legs from a pasteboard doll; and mamma never looked up.

Usually, blowing soap bubbles was merry business. The child laughed and shouted with pleasure as the rays of light fell on her bubble, rendering it so beautiful; or she would exclaim in sorrow that it broke to pieces so quickly. Now it was dull work. She blew one after another without speaking, and let them fall back into the water. Then she began to wish her

mamma would talk out loud what she was thinking of. At last she could bear it no longer, and turning round her forehead drawn up with anxiety, she said :

“ Mamma, have I been naughty to Nancy ? ”

“ Your own conscience can tell you that, Delia.”

The child did not wish to talk about conscience. Her's was pricking her a good deal, so she turned to the soap bubbles again. Mrs. Gibbs sighed and went on with her sewing.

The door bell rang, presently, and the postman left some letters.

“ Lay them on the table, Nurse,” said mamma. “ I can't attend to them at present.”

“ Oh dear ! ” Delia said half aloud,



“Mamma, have I been naughty to Nancy?” Page 72.

“I can’t bear to play with bubbles, they break so quick. She stopped again and again to gaze in her mamma’s face. Once she thought she saw a tear standing in her eye. At length she could endure the pricks of conscience no longer, and running to her mamma, buried her head in the lady’s lap.

“I’m awful sorry,” she burst out. “I wish I hadn’t spoken so to Nancy. I’ll try to be good, mamma. Do talk to me about it, mamma. I can’t bear to have you look so sorry.”

“I can’t help looking sorry, Delia, when I think how you have deceived me again, and so soon after you promised. What can I do to make you remember?” Tears of sorrow rolled down the lady’s cheeks.

“Don’t, mamma! don’t cry for me,” exclaimed the child, seizing mamma’s hand and kissing it passionately. “I’ll ask God again to make me a good girl. May I now?”

She kneeled, laying her head in her mother’s lap, and prayed as well as her sobs would allow, that God would help her speak the truth and not talk unkindly to Nancy any more.

“Can you think of anything else you ought to do?” asked mamma, when she arose.

Delia darted from the room without stopping to answer. She was gone several minutes, and then appeared with a radiant face.

“See, see! Isn’t Nancy kind? See my gingerbread doll; and Nurse

is bringing one for baby." Nancy had just baked them in the oven.

"Did you say anything to Nancy, my dear?"

"Yes, mamma. I told her I was sorry; and I had asked God to help me not do so any more. And, mamma, she says that stuff you put on her face, has done her a heap of good."

"A heap of good, I think she said," added the lady, smiling.

"She's real pleasant now, mamma." Then seeing the bowl of suds still on the table, she said:

"I guess I'll blow some more bubbles; wouldn't you?"

"Yes, Delia, I think you will enjoy your pipe now; but I want to say one thing first. Do you recollect that pretty doll dressed in blue silk,

we saw in the shop window the other day ? ”

“ Yes, indeed, mamma. ”

“ When you have been perfectly truthful for one whole month, and for the same length of time have not carried tales from one to another, I will purchase it for you. ”

“ Oh, mamma ! ” cried Delia, embracing her. “ I’ll begin right off. Oh, I do hope I sh’an’t forget. ”

“ Perhaps I can help you, my dear. I’ll tie a little string of silk around your finger. Whenever you look at it, remember these words : “ Thou, God, seest me. ”

CHAPTER IX.

UNEXPECTED HELP.

NEITHER Mr. nor Mrs. Gibbs had forgotten the kind police-man who brought home dear little Blanche. The very next week after she was lost, Mrs. Gibbs, taking Delia with her, set out for the street and number written on the card. They found the family occupied a cheap tenement over a shoe store. Mrs. Granby was sewing on an overcoat as they entered. In the corner by the front window, a young man with a very high forehead and a pale face sat bending over a sheet of paper spread on the

table before him. Another boy was repairing a cane seat chair. All were busily employed, while the apartment, though poor and plainly furnished, was neat as hands could make it.

As soon as the lady mentioned her name, Mrs. Granby said with a smile :

“I remember it. It’s the place James,” turning to the youth by the window, “where your father carried the lost baby.”

“How many children have you, Mrs. Granby?”

“We have five : these two boys and three girls, all in school now. It’s a great blessing, ma’am, to live in a city like this where there are so many good schools, free to every one.”

“It is, indeed. Does your son enjoy good health?”

“He’s been lame from his birth,” answered the mother with a sigh. “I don’t know though,” she added with a smile, “what we should do without him. He’s such a help to his sisters and a comfort to us all.”

“May I look at your drawing?” inquired the visitor, approaching the table.

“I’m learning to be an architect,” said James, in a sweet, patient voice. “This is the ground floor of a cottage. I have a sketch of the front view. Eddy, will you bring my portfolio from the closet?”

“It will be very pretty,” said the lady. “You could shade it better if you had soft pencils. I see your

place is on the scale of four feet to an inch, what do you measure with?"

James blushed, as he answered "My tools are very imperfect. Father borrowed a rule for me, and I made one by it. It answers very well, though."

"Do you ever go out, James?"

"Oh, yes! I try to go every day. I always go on Sunday, as far as the Corner Church."

"Did you ever visit the Studio Buildings, where classes of pupils are constantly taking lessons?"

"No, ma'am. I never heard of such a place till a few weeks ago."

"You ought to go there. The only difficulty that I can foresee is the going up three flights of stairs. Do you think you could endure that?"

“I’d creep up for the pleasure of being there,” said James, his pale face becoming really beautiful with enthusiasm. “The trouble with me is,” he added, growing earnest with his subject, “I have visions of beauty ; but I don’t know how to put them on paper.”

“You shall be taught,” said the lady, laying her hand kindly on his shoulder. Then turning to the mother, she added, “Ever since your husband found our baby for us, we have wished to do something for him. I know Mr. Gibbs will gladly pay for two quarters at the Studio, and here are ten dollars to purchase a case of drawing instruments and pencils.”

“Oh, Mrs. Gibbs!” was all the poor boy could say. He bent his

head down for a moment on the table before him ; but not quite in time to prevent the visitor from seeing a tear glisten in his blue eye.

“ It’s too much, ma’am,” answered the woman. “ Mr. Granby only did what was his duty. He never thought of a reward.”

“ But none the less are we obliged for his prompt action,” responded Mrs. Gibbs with a smile.

A glance at the boy’s clothes showed her that though clean and whole, they were almost threadbare. “ I see you are a tailoress, Mrs. Granby,” the lady went on. “ I have a suit at home which my husband threw by, on account of the bad fit. I dare say you could alter the coat to suit James. It is very nice tricot.”

“Indeed, ma’am, I can’t thank you enough. While you were talking of James learning to draw at the Studio, I was trying to contrive how we would manage about clothes. Yes, ma’am, I’ll sit up nights to fit them for him, and be grateful to you all my life. Eddy shall go for them whenever you say.”

“Let me think a moment,” said Mrs. Gibbs. “I’ll ask my husband to procure the tickets to-morrow morning. Let him come to-morrow noon, and I’ll have both clothes and tickets ready for him. Then he can commence as soon as you have prepared the coat.”

CHAPTER X.

THE LITTLE STRANGER.

BOTH Mrs. Gibbs and her husband would have felt abundantly repaid for all the trouble and expense they had incurred could they a few hours later have glanced into the room I have described. Police officer Granby, now off his beat, was indulging himself with a cup of tea, while he listened with intense interest to the account of the lady's visit. The three daughters, Ella, Maria, and Jane, were each diligently employed with knitting or sewing. Eddy, having finished his chair, only waited to get his father's

attention in order to exhibit his work. He was employed in a chair factory a part of the time, indeed, during all the hours that he was not in school, and in this way earned enough to pay for his clothes.

Mrs. Granby who sat at the same table with her husband, so that one lamp would light them both, was putting the finishing stitches to her overcoat, giving the work an occasional shake and a glance of approbation, even in the midst of talking and hearing what was said.

“Oh, father!” said James in his low, sweet voice, “I’m almost afraid it is a dream. Doesn’t it seem too good to be true? Only think, father, with two quarters of instruction I shall be able to get a place as assistant to

a regular architect. Then I'll pay you for my board, and mother shall have a little rest. 'Twould be such a luxury, mother, to see you sitting with your hands folded just one hour.

"Ha! ha! ha! wife, I can't imagine you so. I should look into the room and think I'd mistaken the house; ha! ha! ha! Well, really the good news puts me in the best of spirits. I thought when I came in that it was rather a discouraging world; but it seems far enough from that now."

"Do you think you could go to the Studio Buildings with me, father?" inquired James. "I mean the first time. I might get into the wrong place. I'm so unused to going about."

"Yes, I'll contrive it somehow."

“There’s a good many splendid people in the world,” said Ella. “I’m sure Mrs. Gibbs is one. I wish I could see her.”

“She’s one in a thousand,” echoed her father. “I saw that when I carried the baby home. Take one time with another the p’lice have a pretty fair chance to learn character. I’ve changed my views considerably since I’ve been in the service.”

But we must leave number nineteen Barclay street, up stairs, and return to poor Mary Regan.

Since the interview with Mrs. Gibbs, she had been much more happy; indeed, at times such a blessed peace stole over her, quieting every fear of the future, such a sense of sins forgiven, that she scarcely knew how to

contain her joy. There were times, too, when the recollection of her falsehood, and all the sad consequences rushed over her mind, and caused her tears to flow. She had loved Michael O'Shane with all the fervor of a girl's first love; and now he had gone without a farewell word or token.

“Oh, Mick, poor Mick! we might have been so happy if I'd only tould the truth. Ye'd have been on yer guard thin against Thomas; and he could never have struck the blow which laid ye senseless on the ground. Then I'd never have left ye, my poor darlint; and if ye was called away, I'd have been by yer side, and held yer dear hand while ye left yer last breath behind ye. Oh, my poor heart that never will be done aching! Sure

and if every lie that was tould worked such mischief as my lie did, the world itself would go mad with grief.”

One night after a visit from Tom Maloon, Mary thought she would return to Ireland, but, after talking with Nancy, concluded to remain in America for a year or two. She gradually became accustomed to the thought of Michael laid to rest under the yew trees in the old church-yard at home; and though she often lay awake, thinking of him, time with its healing wings soothed the poignancy of her grief.

Month after month flew by, until Spring with its soft breezes came again. Blanche was not the baby now. In the crib near mamma's bed lay a little soft thing, that moved and breathed,

slept and stretched its tiny limbs and occasionally cried, in a manner most wonderful to Blanche.

From morning to night her astonishment and curiosity could not be satisfied.

“See bruver. See bruver more. See bruver 'gain,” was her constant cry when out of the room. When permitted to stand by the nurse washing or dressing the little creature, she generally gazed in dumb surprise at the supple limbs, the wee—wee toes, the closely shut hands, the shell-shaped ears, the bald head. At last she began to wish to touch as well as to look at this strange visitor.

“Pretty, pretty eyes!” she exclaimed, putting her taper finger directly into the organ of vision.

“Blanche got eye too,” and then her finger went in her own.

Delia, who I am glad to say had become the happy possessor of the doll with a blue dress, now went to school, daily. During the winter months she had greatly improved. After twice forfeiting the coveted doll by equivocation, if not by absolute lying, she learned to stop and think before she spoke. She no longer talked about little lies, her mamma having convinced her that in the sight of God no lie is of little consequence.

Her treatment of Nancy and her conduct in the kitchen can be imagined from the circumstance that in the month of May, when mamma is able to be about, Nancy's sister is coming to take her place for a month while

she, accompanied by Delia, is going home to her father's farm, to rest. In the meantime Delia's delight in her little brother, and her joy in the thought of visiting the country, make it easy for her to practise her good resolutions, while her mamma is confined to her chamber.

CHAPTER XI.

MARY'S JOY.

"I DON'T think I can ever go home to Ireland, ma'am," said Mary one morning, as she sat with baby in her lap. "I couldn't leave him," kissing the little dumpling of a hand. "I never loved a baby so much before."

"Shall I tell you why, Nurse?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Because he came while your heart was longing for something to love and pet in the place of your lost Michael. I've seen how the little one comforted you. I've watched your smile coming oftener and oftener.

Now he's thirteen weeks old and see how well he knows you."

"Little darlint! I shall be sorry when he's too big to ride in me arms. I love to take him so best," pressing him lovingly to her bosom.

At this moment the door opened and Sally, Nancy's sister, came in.

"There's a young man below, wants to see Miss Regan," she said.

"Is he tall and straight, with nice black eyes?" asked Nurse smiling.

"Yes, he's an uncommonly pretty young man, answered Sally, stopping a moment to snap her fingers at baby, and make him stare at her.

"It's Patrick Maloon," said Mary laughing; "but he's growing very polite with his 'Miss Regan,' and sich like. Shall I lay baby in his

crib, ma'am? he's as good as a kitten."

Sally stopped a moment to ask a question about dinner, when they heard from the kitchen a dreadful scream, followed by a heavy fall and a cry for help.

Both Mrs. Gibbs and Sally ran quickly below, Sally catching up Blanche who was pulling her dress. Prostrate on the floor lay poor Mary in a dead swoon, while a young man bent over her calling her by the most endearing names.

"Mary, my own darling, what does it mean? Does the sight of your own Mick strike ye dead? Mary! Mary! what for should ye faint when I've crossed the seas to bring ye home?"

Mrs. Gibbs, comprehended the whole scene at a glance. Instead of being her cousin Patrick as she had supposed, the visitor was Michael O'Shane whom she thought lying in his grave.

Only waiting to dash cold water in Mary's face, Mrs. Gibbs asked :

"Is your name Michael O'Shane?"

"Yes, mistress, I landed from the ship Malta an hour ago."

"Poor Mary heard from a cousin that you were dead. She gave me an account of the funeral to read, cut from a Derry paper."

"That was me father, mistress, me good, ould father. Mary! Mary! it's yer own Michael alive, and only waiting for yees to welcome him, to be the happiest man out of ould Ireland."

The poor girl gasped, and presently opened her eyes to fix them on her lover with a wild stare.

"Speak to her. Lift her up," said her mistress.

Michael raised her head, laying it on his arm; but her eyes did not move from his face. There was such a look of terror in them that the lady became anxious.

She went to the girl, took her hand which was limp, and cold, and tried to explain.

"Mary, my good Mary. Don't you know Michael, your friend Michael, from Derry?"

The girl did not turn her head or seem to hear.

"Run and get the bottle of ammonia on my bureau, Sally," said her

mistress, now becoming thoroughly alarmed.

While she was gone, Mary gave several long gasps and then slowly raised herself to her feet.

“Can’t you give yer own Michael a word of welcome?” asked the young man, vainly trying to steady his voice.

Mary, after one more long glance threw herself into his outstretched arms, tears of joy and gratitude raining down her cheeks.

“Is it come back from the grave, ye are, to forgive me?” she asked sobbing.

Mrs. Gibbs motioned to Sally to take Blanche up stairs and immediately followed to the chamber. She knew Mary would at once wish to

relieve her conscience of the lie, which had so long burdened it.

"It's early yet," she said to Sally, who was anxious about the dinner. "Mr. Gibbs and I will readily go without a dessert on such an occasion as this, and the steak can be cooked in a few minutes."

"I suppose we'll have to give Mary up," answered Sally, presently. "I'll be sorry enough on Nancy's account, for since she got over crying nights, mourning about something she says she ought to have confessed to Michael, Nancy says she's the nicest sort of a girl to have about. Smiling or cross, it's all the same to her. She has a pleasant word which makes you ashamed to tease her."

"Yes, Nancy, and I shall miss her

greatly, and I suspect baby will too; but we will try not to be selfish. Mary is a good girl; and I shall be delighted to see her happy."

CHAPTER XII.

REWARD OF TRUTH.

It was very evident that the friends took no note of time, for half an hour, then an hour passed, and still nothing was seen of Mary. At last, however, just as Sally's patience was entirely exhausted, the young girl came running up stairs, her eyes sparkling with happiness, and a pretty tint of rose on either cheek.

“I'm afraid baby's wanted me. Oh, Mrs. Gibbs, it all came so sudden; and I'm so happy, I quite forgot every thing! I've told Michael all about the darlint. Will you please,

ma'am, let me take him down and show him?"

"Certainly, Mary. Take that embroidered blanket from the under drawer. I'm glad he looks so sweet and clean. He must do his nurse credit, you know."

The instant Sally's back was turned, Mary whispered:

"I've told him, ma'am, and he's forgiven me. Oh, ma'am, such a load is gone! If I never saw him again, I'd be so thankful I'd told him. Come, baby darlint. Oh, Mrs. Gibbs, may Blanche go too? Michael knows how I lost her."

"I'll lead her down presently," said mamma. "Michael must stay and have dinner."

Baby really seemed to understand

that the tall man with a heavy, black beard, was Mary's friend. He smiled his loveliest smile when he chuckled him under the chin, and cooed one of his longest stories to Mary's exquisite delight. He even allowed Mick to hold him in his strong arms, which he did as naturally as though his whole life had been spent in the business.

He was swaying him about, his face radiant with pleasure, Mary and even Sally, laughing heartily; baby catching his breath to coo again, when mamma and Blanche joined the merry group.

"This is Michael, ma'am," said Mary, blushing crimson.

"Michael and I are already acquainted," said Mrs. Gibbs, holding out her hand, cordially. "And baby

seems quite acquainted, too. You are used to babies, I think, Michael."

"I'm the oldest of ten, ma'am," was the laughing reply.

Mary took baby, saying, "You must speak to Blanche, now."

The little girl was shy at first, but presently gave him her hand, with the air of a princess.

In five minutes, however, he had won her entirely. He made rabbits of his hands, putting one finger into the mouth for a bone, and then pretending to choke.

Blanche laughed and continually cried:

"More. Blanche want more dog."

Altogether, Michael made a very happy impression. He staid to dinner, and in the afternoon went back

to the vessel, to get off his chests of clothing.

In the evening he had a long talk with Mr. Gibbs, who had for some months been intending to build a dining-room on the rear of the parlors, the end being finished in one large bow.

The gentleman perceived that the young carpenter talked as though he understood his business, and learning from him, that he could also draw a framing plan, he gave encouragement that if it was satisfactory, Michael should take the job.

“You see, ma’am,” said Mary, “Michael asked me ; would I rather stay in Ameriky ; or would I go home to ould Ireland ? and when I said how kind ye’d been to me in me trou-

ble; and how ye tould me where to go for peace when me heart was breaking, he agreed with me 'twould be hard going away. He's determined to make a name for himself here, ma'am, as he did in Derry, and until that is done, we're to contint ourselves as we are. I'm sure, ma'am, since Michael knows how I desaved him and has forgiven me, I'd be contint forever; so I would."

The plan of the young carpenter proved so satisfactory, that Mr. Gibbs closed a contract with him to complete the job. In the course of the next six months, he sent home for two of his brothers, one of whom was a mason, and the other a carpenter. The name of O'Shane, soon became a guarantee for the most finished workmanship;

and the young firm of "O'Shane Brothers," had as much employment as they desired.

Mary remained with her mistress until baby was able to walk, and call her by name; then she went to a pretty house of her own, her husband's brothers boarding with her.

"Oh, ma'am!" cried Mary, weeping over her mistress's hand as she grasped it to say good-by, "It's yerself I have to thank. Ye taught me my duty to God; ye taught me the sin of lying. Sure, ma'am, I'll never lay me head down to sleep till I ask God to bless every one belonging to ye."

Delia, now a young Miss of eight years, is a great comfort to her parents, well rewarding them for all their cares and anxious efforts to train her aright.

She is remarkably truthful and conscientious. Even in her plays with her sister she proves that the lessons and prayers of her Christian mother have taken root, and are answered, yielding a most pleasing harvest.

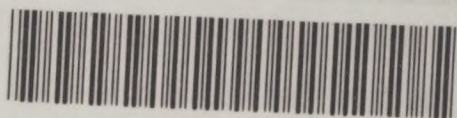
Mrs. Gibbs is greatly encouraged by this happy result, and with her younger children around her, never forgets the promise of her heavenly Father; "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it." Upon each of their tender minds she strives to impress these facts. God is a being "whose truth endureth to all generations." He says in his holy word: "The lip of truth shall be established forever; but a lying tongue is but for a moment:" "Lying lips are an

abomination to the Lord ; but they that deal truly are his delight : ” “ He that speaketh lies, shall perish. ”





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